

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year.....\$1 50
One copy, six months.....1 00
One copy, three months.....50
No deduction from these rates under any circumstances.
As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.
All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."
VOL. 3. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 7, 1877. NO. 5.

ADVERTISING RATES.									
Day	Week	Month	Three Months	Six Months	One Year	Per Line	Per Column	Per Square	Per Page
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

LODGE MEETINGS.
A. Y. M.
HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.
Meets third Monday night in each month. W. H. MOORE, W. M. JOHN P. TRACY, Secy.

R. A. M.
KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.
Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P. Comp. H. WEINSTEIN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.
HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.
Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., on the second and fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.
L. BARRETT, N. G. W. M. PIPPS, Sec. R. P. BERRYMAN, D. D. G. M.

I. O. G. T.
HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.
Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.
L. BARRETT, W. C. T. CHANDLER, J. YAKK, W. Secy. G. B. WILLIAMS, D. D.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
HENRY D. MCHEENEY, DAN. E. HILL.
McHENRY & HILL.
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
HARTFORD, KY.
Will practice in Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, not by.

F. F. MORGAN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.
Office west of courthouse over Hardwick & Hall's store.
Will practice in inferior and superior courts of this Commonwealth.
Special attention given to cases in bankruptcy.
F. F. Morgan is also examiner, and will take depositions correctly—will be ready to oblige all parties at all times.

JOHN E. FOGLE, W. N. SWEENEY.
Hartford, Ky. Owensboro, Ky.
FOGLE & SWEENEY,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS
AT LAW,
HARTFORD, . . . KENTUCKY.
Will practice their profession in the Ohio county Circuit Court, and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.
J. E. Fogle will also practice in the Circuit courts of adjoining counties, and in the inferior courts of Ohio county.
OFFICE—West side of Market street near courthouse.

WM. F. GREGORY.
(County Judge.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the courthouse.

WALKER & HUBBARD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.
not by.

JOHN P. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the courthouse.

GEO. C. WEDDING,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND U. S. COMMISSIONER
HARTFORD, KY.
Will attend to all business connected to his care in the inferior and superior courts of the Commonwealth.
Office opposite Court House near the Post Office.
JAN. A. THOMAS, GEO. A. PLATT.
JAN. A. THOMAS & CO.
HARTFORD, KY.
Dealers in staple and fancy
DRY GOODS,
Notions, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. A large assortment of these goods kept constantly on hand, and will be sold at the very lowest cash price.

DR. S. J. WEDDING,
HYSCIAN AND SURGEON,
Tender his Professional Services to the citizens of Hartsville and vicinity, not by.

HOME.
"Home! Home is where my mother is,"
Replied the boy to "What is home?"
No happier, truer, grander thought,
By sign or priest was ever known.
"Where mother is"—Oh, thought sublime!
Best of the happiness that's won
In every heart within which dwells
The love of mother and of home.
The love of wife is not the love
That children know, as "mother's own";
A mother's love—the truest love—
Its depths by none save her is known.
"Where mother is!" If she's in Heaven,
To linger near her we are prone;
With joys supreme contentment reigns—
All earth seems bright with such a home.
"Where mother is!" If she's in Heaven,
O'er earth her children sadly roam,
With yearnings for that happier world
"Where mother is"—our final home.

STELLA SPECTATOR.
I saw the star of even
Sail down the pale west,
And, from the verge of heaven,
Drop to her silent rest,
How peaceful moved she through
The soft, decaying light!
How lovely, pure and true,
She looked her sweet "good night!"
Doth this our planet more
Through the high walks of space,
And thus unmingled love
Seem mirrored on her face?
Do the still spaces bar
The signs of human weal?
Do earth shine soft and fair,
As stars shine here below?
Are noise and pain and sin,
"Mong' all her nations rife,
Entirely veiled within
This atmosphere of life?
O silent, silver orb,
Gliding in peace along,
Doth aught but joy absorb
Your happy nation's song?

THE NEW CLERK.
BY EDWIN R.
"The fact is, Eaton, you will have to procure another clerk, for it is impossible for me to perform all the duties devolving upon me. My labor, of late, has become very arduous indeed."
"But, Willie, whom shall I get? I know of no one that will suit me. You know I am very cautious about the men I employ. Do you know of anyone that will conform to all of my eccentricities?"
"I was just thinking of a young man who arrived on the train yesterday. He introduced himself as Foster and said he was just from Louisville, seeking employment in a country town in order to recruit up a little. Close confinement in the city had greatly impaired his health, and, by the way, I dare say he is quite a handsome, honest looking young man."
"That is all very good, and a very good recommendation so far as it goes, but I must know something about his character, and, that too, from some other source than mere external appearance, before I employ him."

The foregoing conversation took place between the foreman Eaton who carried on an extensive country trade in one of our flourishing country towns, and his young clerk, Willie Barton, who was a particular favorite of his employer.
They had scarcely ceased speaking when their attention was attracted toward a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome young man, that was approaching them.
"There," resumed Willie, "is the young man now. I will introduce him and let him recommend himself as best he can, and I sincerely hope that you will employ him or some one, for I stand sorely in need of some assistance."
After the introduction the two proceeded to Eaton's private office. They had scarcely seated themselves, when Eaton, who was an abrupt man that always went at business on the shortest plan, turned, and eyeing the stranger closely, said: "Well, Mr. Foster, I understand that you are on the look-out for employment. What recommendations have you in regard to your punctuality, honesty, integrity, &c."
"I have this," Foster remarked, and as he spoke he drew from his pocket, a package of papers and handed them to Eaton who scrutinized them closely for some time, and finally read aloud—
"This is to certify that John Foster was in my employment for two years, during which time he was very punctual in his habits, and never swerved from the path of rectitude or duty."
J. R. WELLS & Co.

That will do, I know the men well, and they would not have given you such a recommendation, if you had not richly deserved it.
About a week after this, Barton came in the store, his face aglow with pleasure and exclaimed—
"By the way, Foster, you really must go to Kate Norton's birthday party to-night. I have received invitations for both of us, and am sure it will be a complete success. Now, don't say you will not go, for if you don't, you will miss introductions to some of the most accomplished and amiable young ladies in town."
"You need not insist so Barton," replied Foster, "for I am not so hard to persuade to associate with the ladies. I will go with pleasure, if we get our books posted in time."
"Oh, never mind the books. We will attend to them to-morrow night. I want to introduce you to Miss Kate Norton. She is a real beauty. But before I introduce you, I will inform you that she is my 'very identical one.' We have been engaged for two years. The last part of

that belongs to the Masonic lodge (He meant by that that he must keep it a secret).
"Really, Barton, you are worse than a love-sick boy of sixteen. Of course, I will keep your betrothal, of which you volunteered to tell me, a secret, and desire very much to form the acquaintance of Miss Norton. But no more about it at present, let's arrange our books and prepare to go."

Barton came in the next morning looking rather haggard; he did not enjoy himself at the party the night before. He imagined that Foster looked too admiringly at his darling Kate, and that she returned that admiring look. Such are the pictures that jealous lovers are wont to paint. In this case the picture, perhaps, was not greatly exaggerated, for Foster was deeply interested in Miss Kate's charming conversational powers. And on his return to his duties he was haunted by those jolly orbs from which shone the very soul of wit and gaiety, combined with that deep sentimental expression that was calculated to captivate the worst of woman haters. Nor had he forgotten those beautiful tresses that almost hid from view such perfectly rounded shoulders; nor those ruby lips that were patterned from the curve of Cupid's own bow. Suffice it to say that after Kate's birthday party, Foster's visits became frequent, and sometimes short, at the hospitable residence of Kate's father.

As for Willie Barton, he became maddened almost to desperation at the thought of his lovely Kate's coldness toward him, and the charming glances which she cast upon Foster, and he taxed his brain to the utmost tension to devise some scheme that would thrust Foster in his plan of capturing, before his very eyes, the idol of his heart and the source from which he expected to derive all his future happiness.

Late one evening, some months after the party, as Foster was returning from one of his many visits to Norton's, he met Barton in company with one of his reckless, vagabond chums. Foster looked politely and passed on, not noticing the demoniacal frown that was plainly depicted on Barton's brow. He hurried on to his room and was soon wrapped in the sonnet slumbers, dreaming of the happy time when Kate Norton, who had become the center of his affections, and almost the sole occupant of his thoughts, would be mistress of his own happy home. But the thought never once entered his mind that at that very instant Willie Barton, whom jealousy had made a demon was planning a scheme that was, perhaps, destined to destroy his fair reputation, blast his hopes of winning Kate Norton, and even to land him in the State Penitentiary. Though such was the case, as will be plainly seen when we notice the further actions of Barton and his companion.

After passing Foster, the two walked rapidly to the hotel, and being seated in his own room, Barton turned to his companion and said—
"Crofton, are you certain there is no one in the adjoining room?"
"Yes; why?"
"Because I have something to communicate to you that belongs strictly to the Masonic Lodge. Do you know what I mean?"
"Yes, you mean that I must keep what you tell me a secret."
"Exactly so. But are you certain there is no one in there?" again asked Barton, pointing to the adjoining room.
"Perfectly certain, for you know that room is occupied by Eaton, and he left for Louisville this evening. But what in the thunder is the matter with you, old fellow. You look as pale as a ghost—Out with it. Don't hesitate. You know me, and there is no one else to hear."
"That is true. I know you, and you will, perhaps, learn something new about me to-night. I have some dirty work to do, and want the assistance of an old chum. Can you help me?"
"Yes; with a good grace if there is any money in it."
"Well, there is money in it, but that is not what I am after. I want revenge."
"Out with it, then. What do you want me to do?"
"Very well; to begin with the first, you know that I once loved Kate Norton almost to madness, and she fully returned that love until that cursed Foster came. Then she 'sent me up Salt River' in a hurry, and now I hate her as much as I ever loved her, and Foster, well, curse him! he could literally grind him to pieces. Oh! how oft have I cursed the hour I had him employed. But I will have my revenge, for I know my plan will succeed."
"Well, what is your plan?" asked Crofton.
"It is this," replied Barton. "This evening I paid Patterson, the man with whom Foster boards, three hundred dollars. I also paid Foster the same amount in exactly the same bills. The money I paid Foster is in his trunk which always stays in the hall between the room occupied by Foster and the one occupied by the family. Now Foster is a man who, when he is awake he is awake, but when asleep all the noise of Pandemonium can scarcely awake him. I stayed with him one

night, and for a joke took him out of bed and laid him on the floor, and he slept soundly during the whole process; indeed he never awoke until the next morning.
"Well, what of that?" asked Crofton.
"Don't you see?" replied Barton, "I mean to steal that money, and leave the impression that Foster did it."
"But how will you manage that? There seems to me to be some difficulty in conducting a scheme like that."
"Not at all, if you will do what I tell you. We will go together to Foster's room, put his breeches and socks on (and I'll lay a wager he'll sleep soundly all the time, if he doesn't, we'll say we meant it for a joke) and steal that peculiar pair of overshoes which he always wears together with his boots, after which, you can walk leisurely about the street while I steal the trunk and take it to some convenient place to burst it open. When I have pocketed the money you must raise the alarm and start in pursuit of me. I will run in a circuitous route toward Foster's boarding house, and in the race I will lose one of the overshoes which you must be sure to get. I will continue my race to Foster's room, take off his boots, gather my own and return to this place. You must give me time to do all this, then, you rush to the boarding house and raise the alarm there, produce the overshoe, catch him with his breeches and socks on, have him searched, and you will be certain to find his salary, which, as I told you, is the exact amount in the same bills as the money we will get."

When he had concluded, Crofton slapt him on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Capital! Capital! we are sure to succeed."
After arranging their plan so they understood one another thoroughly, they set out to accomplish their mischievous work.

Two hours later, Barton returned excited to the highest pitch, while a smile of revenge rested upon his wicked countenance. So far, his plan had succeeded and he only awaited the return of Crofton, to insure the complete success of his scheme.

Another hour passed, and Crofton came in all breathless, with excitement and fairly hugged Barton in his joy, at the same time, saying—"the jig is up with Foster." Patterson fairly swore he took the money and says he'll have him punished if it costs him his own neck he is worth it.

Of course Foster expostulated and pleaded his innocence, but that did no good, nor will it do any good before a court. The circumstantial evidence all point toward him, and I'll bet a thousand dollars against a nickel, he lands in the penitentiary.

"You had better save your money for fear you may need it to save yourself," put in a voice at the door.

Both men turned simultaneously around, and imagine their surprise, chagrin and defeat at beholding Mr. Eaton.
"Why, Mr. Eaton, we thought you was in Louisville, exclaimed they, in a breath.
"But I am not," replied he. "I failed to get on the train and I thank God that I did, for so doing, I will be the instrument in clearing the innocent and condemning the guilty. I overheard all of your conversation and while you were gone, I took the precaution to procure the proper authority to have you arrested, and now gentlemen, or rather thieves, allow me to introduce you to the town marshal."

When their trial came off, they were sentenced to five years imprisonment in the State Penitentiary and there we will leave them.
But to return to Foster. Of course he was greatly shocked at being suspected as a thief, but he was relieved from his embarrassed condition, as soon as Eaton arrived.
Kate Norton, or rather Kate Foster, now presides over the happy cottage of John Foster, and the firm in that flourishing town is known as Eaton & Foster.

Saturday Night.

Saturday night makes people human, sets their hearts to beating softly as they used to do before the world turned them into war drums and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a crash, the iron-doored vaults come with a bang and up go the shutters with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! the door that has been ajar all the week long closes behind him—the world is all shut out. Shut out? Shut in rather. Here are his treasures, after all, and not in the vault and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank. Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty, and forty. Then poor fellow Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but above all, true-eyed. Get a little home—no matter how little—a sofa, just to hold two or two and a half, and then get two or two and a half in it of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

A man out west who has served four days as a jurymen says: "I am so full of law, that it is with great difficulty I refrain from cheating somebody."

COLOR IN MASONRY.

The Grand Lodge of Minnesota Refuses to Recognize Negro Masonry.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]
The whole of the forenoon, and a portion of the afternoon of the Grand Lodge meeting was devoted to the discussion of what is called the "African Lodge." The question of recognizing the colored lodges has long been discussed by the Masonic fraternity. Last year the Grand Master alluded to the subject in his address, and as the lodge had an application from the Prince Hall lodge of Boston, and two from two lodges here in the State asking to be recognized, it was deemed best to bring the matter to a conclusion as soon as possible. Accordingly that portion of the Grand Master's address which referred to the question, and the three communications were referred to a large committee.

Yesterday three reports were made, one by Mr. A. T. C. Pierson, one by Aaron Goodrich, and one by Mr. Goodrich. The first reported in favor of recognizing them. The whole question resolves itself, according to the reports, into a question of history. The two that agree against recognizing the colored lodges affirm and maintain that the colored lodges are now and never have been recognized as belonging to the Masonic fraternity, and all searched diligently the Masonic history to ascertain whether or not the colored brethren had ever been taken in. Mr. Goodrich goes to the oldest English law to show what a free man is, and claims that none but a free man can be a Mason. Mr. A. T. C. Pierson's report was also quite long and also reaches the same conclusion but by a different line of argument. The discussion was brought to a close by the adoption of three resolutions, attached to the report of Mr. A. T. C. Pierson, as follows:

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Minnesota declines to recognize the Prince Hall Grand Lodge, located at Boston, Massachusetts, for reason of its irregular formation.

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge can not recognize charters as having any validity in this State, except those issued by its authority; and that it cannot issue charters except to such Masons as are of its obedience.

Resolved, That color is neither a bar nor recommendation to the acceptance of the Masonic degrees in this jurisdiction, and that it is perfectly competent for any lodge in this jurisdiction to make Masons of any position possessing the required qualifications.

The vote by which the resolutions were adopted is 321 in favor of them, and 7 against, which appears to be sufficiently decisive to settle the matter.

A Man in the Penitentiary for the Crime of Another.

At the February term, 1874, of the Trigg Circuit Court, a man by the name of Charles Mann was indicted by the grand jury of the county for the crime of rape and was at the next term of the court tried for the offense, convicted and sentenced to confinement for a period of twenty years in the penitentiary, where he now is undergoing the penalty of his alleged crime. Mann protested his innocence, but in the face of overwhelming testimony as to the fact of the outrage and the positive statements of the main witness for the Commonwealth as to the identity of the accused, he was convicted by the jury, but few persons entertaining any doubt of his guilt.

Monday our Sheriff, Capt. W. N. Campbell, received a letter from a man calling himself A. J. Brooks, written from Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 9, 1877, confessing the crime for which Mann is now suffering the penalty, and asking that something be done to relieve an innocent man from punishment.

Brooks says he is the guilty party and gives all the facts with a circumstantiality of detail that almost forces conviction as to the truth of his statements. His confession is identical with the evidence of Mrs. Lofton, while the description of the person of the criminal answers perfectly to that of Mann.

Marrying for Money.

The Rev. Geo. C. Baldwin very truthfully says: "Gold cannot buy happiness, and the parents who compel their daughters to marry for money or station, commit a grievous sin against humanity and God. And the woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain, that all the glittering of heartless grandeur are phosphorescent glitterings of heart wretchedness; that her heart will be glitterings of heart wretchedness; that her heart will be gilded misery, and her old age will be like a rag on the bleak side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no birds sing, but wild storms howl and hoarse thunders roar; and through the sweeping storms shall be heard the stern voice of the great God, saying, 'Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and eat at your flesh as if it were fire.'"

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would keep denying they were old enough to vote until they got to be too old to take any interest in politics.

Shifting of the Wheat Belt.

[New Orleans Times.]

The St. Louis Republican publishes an interesting article on the subject of the culture of wheat. It claims that the wheat belt is shifting from the Northwestern States to the more Middle, Western and Southwestern States. The result of wheat-growing in Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin, according to Mr. Oliver Dalrymple, during a period of twenty years, shows a steady decline of production. Starting with a production of twenty-two to twenty-five per acre, the yield inside of five years dropped to sixteen to twenty bushels. In the next five years the drop was to fifteen to seventeen, and in the next five years it was to ten to twelve bushels, until now it is estimated that Minnesota will not produce more than seven to nine bushels of wheat to the acre.

It is assumed that at this rate wheat-growing will be abandoned in the States named, and the attention of farmers there turned to the production of corn and other articles less calculated to exhaust the soil. However this may be, we have long believed it was only a question of time for more southern States to take the lead in wheat culture, as possessing the climate and soil best adapted to the production of that cereal. The flour best suited to foreign commerce is made from wheat grown in Southern Illinois, Southern Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Kansas, and to this list of States there will be specially added Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, New Mexico and Indian country.

A Mule Willing to go.

[Courier-Journal.]

A bad little boy in Portland lit a pack of shooting crackers and threw them into the streets to see them "go off." One of the Bateman's mules came along and swallowed them before they "went off." The mule walked about fifteen feet and stopped. Things wasn't acting right inside. He began to taste the smoke of fire-crackers. He laid his left ear around against his ribs and heard something; it was the crackers having fun. The mule picked out about three and a-half miles of straight road and started. A negro met him about a mile the other side of the alms-house, going South, white with perspiration, with streams of smoke shooting out of his nostrils, mouth and eyes, while his tail stuck straight up and a stream of blue and green smoke, ten feet long, followed in the rear. He found his mule this morning sticking half way through a farm-house near Paddy's Run, still smoking. The man has got his family out, put them up into a lot of trees. He hauled his mule home when it got cold enough, on a dray. The man is going to move his house farther back off the road; and his wife and oldest daughter will be baptised when the water gets warm enough.

A California Wild Goose Story.

The large flocks of geese that are constantly passing over the town are frequently shot at, but they generally fly at too high an altitude to be reached by the leaden missiles. Sometimes, however, the shots take effect. The other day we were watching a flock flying southward, when the report of a gun was heard, and we saw one of the geese begin to fall slowly. The others, perceiving that their comrade was wounded, uttered shrill cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew under the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of bed, on which the wounded one rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others looking on and manifesting their concern by uttering loud, discordant shrieks. Finding that their companion was unable longer to accompany them in their flight, they abandoned him to his fate, and he fell into the arms of an expectant Chinaman.

The Modern Printer.

He must be satisfied with about one-third of a price for his work, and then he must be willing to do the work over seven or eight times, "just to see how it will look," for the generality of people do not know how a thing will come out in print, and, of course, want it "a little different." He must be willing to wait six months for his pay, and then take it out in second-hand clothes pins or last year's garden seeds. He must never be so bold as to suggest that a little cash might not come amiss, for people expect him to work for nothing and board himself, and yet be cheerful and happy. He must at all times be willing to do this or that for nothing, or at least at a greatly reduced price, as "it is for the association, you know; and must throw in a puff gratis also, if he happens to be publishing a newspaper.

An exchange would be pleased to hear of a social gathering that was not a "recherche affair," that was not attended by the "elite," and the "cream de la creme," where the refreshment tables did not "literally groan under their load of good things," and where the "rotaries of Terpsichore" didn't trip the light fantastic till the "wee sma' hours."

W. C. MORTON,
DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.
Collins' old stand,
The Lowest Cash House in the City.
Receiving Daily from the East a large supply of Fresh Groceries, which I BUY FOR CASH, thereby enabling me to sell at a much LOWER PRICE than those buying on credit and selling the same way to the acre.
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Meal, Bacon, Sugar, of all grades, Molasses, Etc., Etc.
Canned Goods of Every Variety
And every other article usually kept in a FIRST CLASS GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT can always be found on my shelves.
Three years' old Sauternes and Nonpareil Whiskies and old Apple Brandy for medicinal purposes, in quantities to suit the buyer.
Remember the place, W. C. MORTON - Hartford, Ky.

HARTFORD HOUSE,
HARTFORD, KY.
W. T. KING, Propr.
I have rented the above House and am furnishing it suitably and properly so as to enable me to keep a first-class Hotel, which I shall use every effort to do. Nice rooms will be furnished Commercial men in which to display their samples. I will keep my table supplied with the best edibles I can get in this market.

A GOOD FEED STABLE
is connected with the House.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
W. T. KING.
HEAVEN DAM, KY.
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
Fine Toilet Soaps, Fancy Hair and Tooth Brushes, Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces, Goggles and Goggles, Seeds, Fruits and Liquors for Medical purposes, Cataplasms, Oils, Varnishes and Eucalypti, Letter-paper, Pens, Ink, Envelopes, Glass, Putty, Carbon Oil, Lamps and Chimneys.
Agent for Seth Thomas Clocks.
Physicians prescriptions accurately compounded, day and night.
48-y TERMS, CASH.

L. F. WOERNER,
BOOT & SHOEMAKER.
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY
Repairing neatly and promptly done.
J. HENRY DOERR'S
Photographic Art Gallery,
"NEW BUILDING,"
Cor. Twelfth and Market Streets,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Every Style of Picture made. Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged.

ASK THE recovered dyspeptic, the bilious sufferer, victims of Peas and other indigestible food, the morbidly diseased patient how they recovered health, cheerful spirits and good appetite—they will tell you by taking **Simmons' Liver Regulator**.
The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!
For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, jaundice, Bilious attacks, RICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SORE STOMACH, Heartburn, Acids, &c.
This unrivaled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious mineral substance, but is PURELY VEGETABLE.
Containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an almighty Providence has placed in countries where Liver diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by derangement of the Liver and Bowels.
The SYMPTOMS of Liver complaint are bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the back, sides or joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach, loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately constipated and lax; Headache, thick yellow appearance of Skin and Eyes, a loss of memory, with a painful condition of having failed to do something which ought to have been done, Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.
Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few, but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated will in time, cause great suffering, weakness and DEATH will ensue!
I can recommend as an efficacious remedy for disease of the Liver, Heartburn and dyspepsia, Simmons' Liver Regulator. Lewis G. Wunder, 1625 Master Street, Assistant Post Master, Philadelphia.
"I have tested its virtues, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine ever used. We have tried forty other remedies before Simmons' Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us."—Ed. Telegraph and Messenger, Macon, Ga.
MANUFACTURED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.
Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.